In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,
And rotten times that you ſhall looke vpon,
When I am ſleeping with my aunceſtors:
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curbe,
VVhen rage and hot bloud are his counſellors,
VVhen meanes and lauiſh manners meete together,
Oh with what wings ſhal his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and oppoſde decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the moſt immodeſt word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
Your highneſſe knowes comes to no further vſe,
But to be knowne and hated: ſo, like groſſe termes,
The prince will in the perfectneſſe of time,
Caſt off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern, or a meaſure liue,
By which his grace muſt mete the liues of other,
Turning paſt-euils to aduantages.

King Tis ſeldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here, Weſtmerland?

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. Health to my ſoueraigne, and new happineſſe
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince Iohn your ſonne doth kiſſe your graces hand.
Mowbray, the Biſhop, Scroope, Haſtings, and al,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels ſword vnſheathd,
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leiſure may your highneſſe reade,
With euery courſe in his particular.

King O Weſtmerland, thou art a ſummer bird,
VVhich euer in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor. Hart.*

Hart. From enemies, heauens keep your maieſty,
And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of:
The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,
With a great power of Engliſh, and of Scots,
Are by the ſhrieue of Yorkſhire ouerthrowne,
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, containes at large,

Ki. And wherfore ſhould theſe good news make me ſicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But wet her faire words ſtil in fouleſt termes?
She either giues a ſtomach, and no foode,
Such are the poore in health: or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach, ſuch are the rich
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not:
I ſhould reioyce now at this happy newes,
And now my ſight failes, and my braine is giddy,
O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.

Hum. Comfort your maieſty.

Clar. O my royall father!

Weſt. My ſoueraigne Lord, cheere vp your ſelfe, look vp.

War. Be patient princes, you do know theſe fits
Are with his highneſſe very ordinary.
Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel ſtraight be wel.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs,
Th'inceſſant care and labour of his mind,
Hath wrought the Mure that ſhould confine it in,
So thin that life lookes through.

Hum. The people feare me, for they do obſerue
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the yeere
Had found ſome moneths a ſleepe, and leapt them ouer.

Clar. The riuer hath thrice flowed, no ebbe between,
And the old folk, (Times doting chronicles,)
Say, it did ſo a little time before
That our great grandſire Edward, ſickt and died.